Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remed'

Enter Pucke.

Puc'ke. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, miſtooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puc. Then will two at once wooe one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befall prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould wooe in ſcorn?
Scorne and deriſion neuer come in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.
Hel. You do aduance your cunning more and more,
When truth kils truth, O diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her
Deme. O *Helen*, goddeſſ
To what, my loue, ſhall I co
Chriſtall is muddy, O how r
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherr
That pure congealed white,
Fan'd with the Eaſterne wi
When thou holdſt vp thy h
This Princeſſe of pure whit
Hell. O ſpight! ô hell! I
To ſet againſt me, for your
If you were ciuill, and knew
You would not do me thus
Can you not hate me, as I k
But you muſt ioyne in ſoul
If you were men, as men yo
You would not vſe a gentl
To vow, and ſweare, and ſu
When I am ſure you hate m
You both are Riuals, and lo
And now both Riuals, to m
A trim exploit, a manly ent
To coniure teares vp in a p
With your deriſion, none o
Would ſo offend a virgine
A poore ſoules patience, al
Lyſan. You are vnkinde
For you loue *Hermia*; this
And heere with all good w
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld yo
And yours of *Helena*, to m
Whom I do loue, and will
Hel. Neuer did mockers
Deme. Lyſander, keepe
If ere I lou'd her, all that lo

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22303) LONDON, 1600 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF ED